**Adam.**

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# Adam.

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Nigel is starting to fall for Adam, and wondering whether Adam will ever notice.
Inspired by this amazing art by pangaeastarseed

When Nigel first met Adam, he didn't know what the fuck to make of his new neighbour. But after a few months the guy had grown on him - mostly from passing conversations in the hallway that got easier with time. In the end, it wasn't uncommon to see Nigel join Adam on the steps outside the apartment building, people watching. In fact, after a while Nigel found himself going out of his way to do so.

He knew he was in trouble the day he turned down a booty call because Adam had invited him up to the roof - some sort of meteor shower. Actually, he couldn't turn it down fast enough. He muttered expletives as he hung up the call.

Thing is, Adam didn't make much eye contact. Nigel could usually tell from someone's expression if they were down to fuck. But not with Adam. And now with months of polite conversation, jokes, people watching, star gazing, and turned down lays, Nigel had a severe case of blue balls.

He didn't even know if the kid swung that way! And he wasn't about to force the issue and scare him off completely. God fucking help him, he'd started to care for Adam.

The day it finally came to a head was the day the fucking bullshit washer broke in the building laundry room - trapping Adam's clothes inside. He'd come straight to Nigel, distressed and as close as Nigel had ever seen to him losing it, though he'd already explained some of his issues and quirks. All those things that made up the gorgeous whole that was Adam. Nigel had chivalrously tried to pry the fucker open but it got to the point where he wasn't sure he could get the clothes out without ruining them. So he did what any good neighbour would do - he decided to loan Adam some of his clothes whilst the building's super sorted the washer.

Nigel wanted to believe it was completely altruistic but he couldn't lie to himself very convincingly. No, the thought of Adam in his slightly oversized clothes made his cock twitch. The thought of Adam's scent clinging to the clothes when he returned them practically gave him a boner.

He handed the pile to Adam at Adam's door and didn't hesitate when he was invited in. He'd never been in the apartment before and it was just so wonderfully Adam that he wanted to roll around in it like an excited puppy. He practised restraint - somehow - and waited whilst Adam went to his bedroom to change out of his work clothes and into something Nigel had loaned him.

There were two pairs of sweats in that pile, so Nigel was pretty thrown when Adam returned wearing his fucking little dog shirt as a nightshirt, with nothing else but his boxers. It hung down, exposing his neck and and a little shoulder where the top couple of buttons were left open... as well as skimming the top of his thighs.

If Nigel died in that moment, he'd have died a happy fucking asshole.

Adam offered him cocoa and Nigel numbly nodded, watching the man potter in the kitchen. Eyes wide and chest tight as the sight of the back of Adam's thighs brought a heated blush to

Nigel's cheeks.

Damn. He really did have it fucking bad.

Then there was cocoa on the sofa and Adam pulled a throw over his legs to keep them warm and Nigel tried so hard to focus on what Adam was saying about a show he wanted to see at the theatre and not on warming Adam's legs for him goddammit!!

When Nigel was pretty sure he couldn't take anymore without exploding one way or the other, he stood to leave. Adam looked up at him questioningly. Looking so fucking beautiful the way the shirt hung around him.

"Are you leaving Nigel?"

"I think I should, Adam. I think… I think it's passed my bedtime."

"Oh."

Adam frowned.

"What is it? Everything ok? We can get your clothes back once the super pulls his finger out of his-"

"Were you excited?"

"What?"

"Sexually, just now. Or before. Um, when we spend time together?"

"Um-"

"Well, I ask because I was, and I wondered if you were too."

"..."

"When I was younger… I would have just thought you were sexually excited because I was. That's called mind blindness. I had to learn to ask what other people are thinking."

"Adam, I…"

Nigel wasn't quite sure how Adam had reached into him and pulled out every fucking bone in his body, but that was how it felt. He equally wasn't sure how he remained standing. Or breathing.

"I… I fucking am now angel." Nigel finally managed. "What, um, what do we do about that?"

"I've been thinking about it for a while and… I'd like for us to have sex. If you'd like that?"

Nigel could only nod and try not to pass out as Adam stood - letting the blanket fall away - and smiled at him. When he took Nigel's hands and started leading him toward the bedroom

Nigel’s mind was blank but for one fucking word.

Adam.

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